

Merry Christmas, Steve Harrington by fillmoredawn

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Summary: It's Christmas in Hawkins and Steve Harrington has two very different Christmases 1983 and 1984. based off a Tumblr post.

Merry Christmas, Steve Harrington

With some effort, Steve pushed himself off his couch and stretched upwards, wincing at the cracking of his back. He'd been sitting in his living room since 9am, eating pop tarts and candy canes and watching reruns of *the Flintstones*. He gathered the plastic wrappers that gathered on his coffee table and brought them into the kitchen, shooting the bundle of trash into the garbage can like a basketball.

The note he had found the previous night was still on the counter where he had left it.

Steven, your father and I had to go to Denver unexpectedly. We love you and will see you on the 28th. There's pop tarts and cereal in the pantry. - Mom

Steve opened up the fridge to look for something that would make a suitable breakfast. It was mostly empty, save for some cream cheese, questionable looking fruit, and baking soda. His mom was going to go grocery shopping for Christmas dinner, but it looked like it had slipped her mind. There was a gallon of milk in the door, and Steve shook it gently to see how much was left, sniffed it to see if it had gone bad, and set it out on the counter to wait until he had got out the cereal. A breakfast worthy of the mighty King Steve.

Steve smiled to himself.

Maybe he'd see what Nancy was up to? No, she was bound to be spending all of Christmas day with her family, and no parents would want Steve butting in for dinner. Besides, he and Nance had plans to go bowling on the 26th, and he didn't want her getting tired of him.

No sir, he'd hole up at home and have a nice Christmas to himself. Maybe he'd go for a run later? After a nice nap, a nap was definitely in his future.

Steve laid back on the couch, careful not to spill any milk out of his cereal bowl. He'd be wanting lunch before too long; cream cheese on pop tarts might make a good combo? Steve chuckled and turned up the tv. Outside the window, light white specs had begun sprinkling

out of the sky.

"Huh," Steve remarked to himself aloud, adjusting the curtains. Looks like it might snow after all.

A/N: Thanks for reading, and if you have a few seconds, PLEASE review. Much, much, much appreciated. And if you want (and specify in your review), I'll send you a picture of my very cute dog.